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ROUND THE WORLD.

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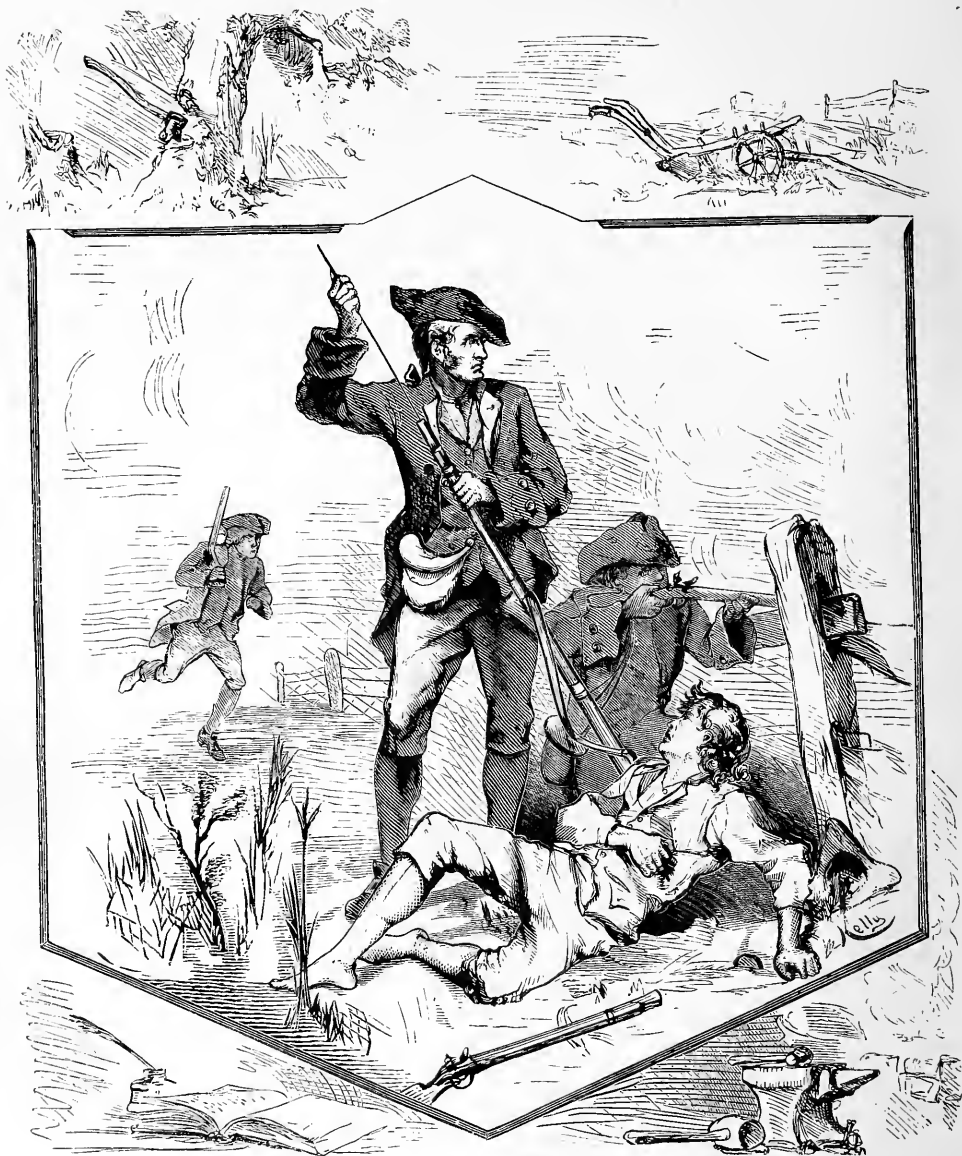
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THE MINUTE MEN OF LEXINGTON.

"They grasped their old flint lock muskets, and swore they'd wear no yoke."

GREAT BATTLES OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY EIGGAM STREBOR.

*pend.
Roberts & Magge*



WATCHING THE ENEMY.

ILLUSTRATED.

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DEDICATION.

THIS volume is most respectfully dedicated to the heroes of the Army and Navy of America.

In memorial of those who made the Union, and in honor of those who defend it.



PREFACE.

THIS volume I put before the world in memorial of those heroes who were determined to make a free and happy land of America. Therefore, through the clouds of oppression, at Lexington, the brilliancy of the Union first burst forth, and never did those unflinching patriots rest, until the last vapory crest was rolled back at Yorktown, and the great constellation blazed in the West.

Again: I desire to show that the oath that was given by our fathers in the Revolution, is kept inviolate to-day. The little difference in this great family has been amicably adjusted, and at our Centennial we will meet at the family board. Then again: the men of to-day are of the same metal

of one hundred years ago ; the foes that we have vanquished during the period of one hundred years, have been worthy of our steel, and we welcome all to our shores, we hail the world with gladness.

Let all nations meet as one family, and the great Jehovah watch and ward keep over us.

In passing before the mirror of the rebellion, we recognize names worthy of their illustrious ancestors. There was a gulf between the North and South, but now it is bridged over, and unity, peace, and concord reign. South Carolina and Massachusetts have shaken hands, New York has welcomed Maryland and Virginia, and we can sing out :

“ The union of lakes, and the union of lands,
And the union of love none can sever ;
The union of hearts, and the union of hands,
And the Flag of our Union forever.”

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BRITANNIA'S INSULT TO COLUMBIA.

I'LL send my ships across the sea,
With England's flower of chivalry,
To teach thee that my word is law,
And thy base minions overawe.
Think not thou'lt 'scape from 'neath my hand
Because the sea divides the land ;
I'll scourge thee for this heinous crime—
To attempt to raise thy will 'gainst mine.
I am thy monarch, great and strong,
And will not overlook this wrong ;
But lay thee prostrate at my feet,
And deem the act of vengeance sweet.



DAME COLUMBIA'S REPLY.

I WILL not down at thy command,
Nor own thee monarch of this land ;
My noble sons will me surround,
Nor shall we yield our vantage ground ;
We'll break our bonds, we shall be free,
And sing our song of liberty.
The God of Battles will defend
Our cause, and will us succor send ;
Thy ships destroy, thy armies slay,
And make thee ever rue the day
When thou shalt cross the deep blue sea,
To lay thy vengeful hand on me.



COLUMBIA HAILED BY INDEPENDENCE.

COLUMBIA! why dost thou prostrate lie?
Come, raise thy head and look on high.
See the bright sun in splendor rise
To mount his chariot in the skies.
Does he not thee a lesson teach,
That nothing is beyond thy reach?
Stand up and gird thy loins with strength,
And view thy land from length to length.
I, Independence shall declare ;
The tyrant's rule we will not bear.
See ! Liberty springs into birth,
And Justice hand in hand with Truth !

Fling out our standard to the breeze
And let it float on land and seas,
To show Britannia that we'll stand
Around thee, a devoted band.
Rise now, and mount thy waiting car,
While *I* let loose our dogs of war.
Go, rouse our champions for the fight!
Our watch-word be "God and the Right."





FORT TICONDEROGA.

“In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress.”





WASHINGTON'S DREAM.

I SAW in my dream that Columbia sat weeping ;
Her proud form was bent, her face hid from view,
While Liberty, erect, her lone watch was keeping,
And over all was heaven's guardians so true.
Then Liberty spake, but in great indignation,
" Why tarry ye here in the prime of thy youth ?
Independence awaits thee. Go, make thee a nation,
And gird on thy armor of Justice and Truth."
Columbia then said : " Wilt thou be my commander,
And drive the insulting foe from the field ?
Britannia knows well how we understand her,
But with thee for our leader, we never will yield."

Then I heard once again another voice saying :
“ Gird on thy sword, and for freedom go fight,
Turn not from the field, nor from duty be straying,
And my hand shall lead thee thro' darkness to
light.”

The angels then sang an anthem consoling ;
Columbia looked up in rapturous delight,
While Liberty was busy her patriots enrolling,
And God over all was pleased at the sight.





UNITED WE STAND.

SOUND ! sound ye the tocsin of war,
While we hasten from near and from far,
Round our leader so brave,
Who has sworn us to save,
And efface from us tyranny's scar.
Virginia sends forth her proud son,
Likened unto him there is none,
For in him do we pride
As we stand side by side,
With our armor of right girded on.
He was chosen by God from above,
Who, to show us his pity and love,

Caused a singular scene
To pass him in a dream ,
Ere he had power to move.
We fear not Britannia's dread hand,
While round Washington united we stand ;
But divided we fall,
Then shame rests on all,
And we forfeit our beautiful land.
Let us trust that God, in his love,
Will endue us with strength from above,
To drive from our coast
The tyrant's proud boast,
And our might as a nation to prove.





“THE SHOT HEARD 'ROUND THE
WORLD.”

ONWARD came the lion roaring,
Fair Columbia to destroy,
Who beheld the eagle soaring
Just above her dangerous toy.
“Ah!” cried she, “’tis a good omen;
My pretty bird will learn to fly,
While I call forth my sturdy yeomen
To show them how to fight or die.”
Screeched the eagle; as responsive
To her call, came hundreds brave—
Eager were they for the skirmish,
Loved Columbia’s life to save.

Forward rushed the rampant lion
Heedless of the multitude.
While he fixed his greedy eye on
Brave Columbia, as she stood
Robed in pure majesty undaunted,
As in scorn her proud lip curled ;
While the lion before her flaunted,
She fired the "shot heard 'round the world."
A roar, a plunge, showed he was wounded,
While shouts of victory rent the air ;
Down came the eagle from his soaring
And perched upon Columbia fair.
So they planted Freedom's banner
While the breeze its folds unfurled,
As if in greeting to Columbia,
Who fired the "shot heard 'round the world."



“THE MINUTE MEN OF CONCORD AND
LEXINGTON.”

'Twas on the thirteenth day of May
Of seventeen seventy-four,
King George's forces under Gage
First trod upon our shore.
To intimidate the colonists
Seemed only their intent,
While gathering up the dogs of war
And on other mischief bent.
So Pitcairn and Smith left Boston,
Under darkness of the night,
Thinking by this wretched meanness
To elude a good square fight.

But when found out by the patriots,
Those "minute men" awoke,
Grasped their old flint-locked muskets,
And swore they'd wear no yoke.
So at Lexington and Concord
The foes were 'gainst each hurled,
While volley after volley proved
The shot heard round the world.





FORT TICONDEROGA.

“WE must capture this fort, boys, yes, capture this
old fort !

’Tis of vital importance, yet it may be dangerous
sport.”

Thus spoke Ethan Allen, just before the break of
day,

In seventeen and seventy-five, upon the tenth of
May.

“Ah! pause just for a moment, boys, I’ve hit upon
a plan,

Whereby, without us shedding blood, they shall
yield up every man.

I'll make demand at early dawn, by high authority,
The fort we'll have, and thus we'll win a bloodless victory.
Your valor has been famed abroad, from oppression's earliest hour ;
You have been a scourge and terror, boys, to arbitrary power ;
A desperate attempt this, none but the brave dare undertake,
But *I* propose to lead you on, straight thro' that wicket gate."

And as they neared the frowning fort, no sound the stillness broke,
The garrison was wrapped in sleep, as tho' death had them smote.
But soon they espied a sentinel, who upon them opened fire,
So with drawn sword rushed Allen on, just to appease his ire.

His gun he dropped, for quarter cried, readily the
patriot granted,
Urged him the commander's keep to show, for
that was all he wanted.

In thunder-tones the hero spoke: "My compli-
ments to you tender,
Come forth at once, without parley this garrison
surrender."

"Pray, who are you," cried De La Place, "and
what authority
Dare you assail my fortress, and thus my power
defy?"

"In the name of the 'Great Jehovah,' whose right
you'll not deny,
And the Continental Congress, I am sure of vic-
tory."

Just then, as if in greeting, the sun in splendor
rose
O'er the daring Ethan Allen and his Green Moun-
tain Boys,

To whom, as prisoners of war, every man was
given over,
And thus a bloodless victory won, in the dread
name of Jehovah.





ATTACK ON FORT MOULTRIE.

To silence Fort Moultrie was Clinton's cool intention,

Of that important fact I merely now make mention.

'Twas upon the twenty-eighth of June, the shot began to rattle,

And the boys behind the palmetto logs were eager for the battle.

The Sphinx, Acteon, and Syren were ordered a position,

To intercept all succor of troops and ammunition.

Now, by this maneuver, they completely were
surrounded,

And could not easily escape, had not the vessels
grounded.

A shot whizzed past toward the flag, and broke
the staff asunder :

The maddened men hurled back a shot that
seemed like heaven's thunder.

Brave Sergeant Jasper caught the flag, a rammer
made it fast to,

Mounted the parapet, under fire, and boldly run it
up to view.

Sir Peter Parker gave command the channel must
be forded,

The work to attack the fort in flank to his brave
men accorded.

The prevalence of late high winds caused un-
usual depth of water,

So the brave band within the fort was saved
again from slaughter.

On the following day the squadron sailed to join
the British forces,
And in the Bay of New York, have time to count
their losses.





WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE AT VALLEY FORGE.

SIDE by side, at Valley Forge, those two god-like
heroes stood,

Watching poor worn-out soldiers, who had left
their tracks in blood.

Their martial cloaks wrapped round them, they
heeded not the blast ;

The weary march was over, and they welcomed
rest, at last.

Shrouded were they in thick darkness, yet their
lonely vigil kept

O'er the brave, but suffering soldiers, who around
the camp-fire slept.



WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE AT VALLEY FORGE.

“Watching poor worn out soldiers, who had left their tracks in blood.”



Their hearts were filled with anguish, tho' their
lips no murmur sent ;

Clasped were their hands, like brothers, as their
vows to heaven went.

And the angels looked in pity down, in that dread
hour of gloom,

As death rode on the wintry blast, to seal some
comrade's doom.

Spoke they no word at gray of dawn, but sorrow-
ing turned away,

To see what comfort could be gained in duties of
the day.

So to quarter there for Winter then was fully their
intent,

Ministering to the nation's heroes showed how the
time was spent.

When Spring, at last, her mantle flung o'er moun-
tain, hill, and vale,

And Lafayette stood in great surprise, listening to
each wondrous tale

Of watchers who pursued their chief far down the
mountain gorge,
And heard him pray to God aloud, in famous
Valley Forge.





CORNWALLIS'S SURRENDER.

YE sons of Freedom, list to me, while I rehearse
the story,

How in seventeen eighty-one your sires were
covered with glory.

On the nineteenth of October, then, you clearly
should remember,

The posts of York and Gloucester Cornwallis
did surrender.

But he had formed a bold design : his way to New
York forcing,

In three divisions did embark his troops, the river
crossing.

The air and water both were calm ; his hopes of
'scape ran higher ;

But soon the sky was overcast, and the tempest
gathered nigher.

The elements were 'gainst him armed, and he
began to shiver,

While wind and rain with violence his boats hurled
down the river.

When day appeared, and your brave sires dis-
cerned their situation,

How glad they were to come again to their dis-
mantled fortification !

He wished, as prisoners royal, to march out with
colors flying,

But this the brave commander stood, with dignity
denying.

With high regard for Lincoln, gave him the proud
commission,

At Yorktown to receive, with grace, th' royal arms'
submission,

And then throughout the country, 'mid widespread
exultation,
Stood out the bold commander, as Father of the
Nation.





DEATH OF WASHINGTON.

His mission was accomplished, his work on
earth was done,

In the sixty-eighth year of his age expired
brave Washington.

On the fourteenth of December, in seventeen
ninety-nine,

Before the midnight hour rang out was the
auspicious time.

The melancholy tidings to Congress soon they
bore,

That he, the matchless patriot, God's chosen,
was no more.

What meant that cry of agony that rang
throughout the land?

'Twas the shriek of all America, the chief's de-
voted band.

Who first prepared the festal bower, gathered
the laurel clear,

Then planted they the cypress grove, watered
with affection's tear.

Throughout the wide world the sad tidings
soon was spread,

That he, the god-like hero, George Washing-
ton, was dead.

Ah! Columbia lamented the loss of her great
son,

Who redeemed her from slavery and for her
freedom won.

Down in Mount Vernon's quiet tomb a holy
light is shed,

And millions bow before the shrine where
sleeps th' illustrious dead,

Who, first in war, first in peace, and first in
the nation's heart,
Left to her sons an heritage from which they
ne'er will part.





DECATUR BEFORE TRIPOLI.

WHAT nation on earth that has not sounded
the fame

Won by Maryland's proud son, Stephen De-
catur by name,

Who boldly rushed forth the fierce corsairs to
slay,

And the great prize, "Philadelphia," from them
snatch away.

So when the young moon hung o'er the wa-
ters so blue,

Naught broke the night's stillness as the
"Ketch" rippled through.

They boarded the frigate, soon the flames did
they light,
And by their red glare they sought refuge in
flight.

Then again—when to victory his crew had
just led,
By treachery his brother fell, shot through the
head,
He bore down on the fleet, till he sought out
the foe,
Hand to hand conflict fought, revenge adding
power to each blow ;
And soon o'er the deck the Turks' life-blood
did run,
While a cheer from his crew told the day was
now won.
And when, seven years later, with bold front
and lion heart,
In fights with England's navy bore a conspicu-
ous part ;

Before Algiers in after time the world could
plainly see
This hero stood demanding all Christians should
be free.





THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS—WAR
1812.

GENERAL JACKSON was not idle, of that we may
be sure,

Until a good position of defense he could se-
cure ;

Even dreary nights would he allow none in the
camp to sleep,

But had them throwing earth in front out of a
ditch so deep.

A formidable rampart constructed he, four
miles in length,

And mounted it with cotton bales, made fa-
mous for its strength,



BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

"And there before the cotton bales, two thousand men were slain."



But scarcely was it finished, when Pakenham
advanced ;

With rockets, bombs, and cannon, boldly th'
attack commenced.

This so enraged "Old Hickory," that he
opened on them fire :

After seven hours' hard fighting, they gladly
did retire.

Then swore he "By the Eternal," that he'd to
them valor prove
Of Louisiana and Kentucky troops, whom
dearly did he love.

Upon the eighth day of the month, the British
called again,

And there, before the cotton bales, two thou-
sand troops were slain.

The roll of the American fire resembled thun-
der's peal,

And, on that narrow field of strife, Keane and
Gibbs did reel.

Trying to rally his shattered troops—waving
his hat—just then
Pakenham reached the fatal ditch, fell dead
before his men.





PERRY'S VICTORY—WAR OF 1812.

THE first attack was over, and his ship scarce a
gun could man,
When the Britons their artilleries hurled, as near
the fleet he ran.
Upright in his craft stood he, as with strength
from heaven supplied,
Wielding his blade, as challenging the foes on
every side.
His noble brow unruffled, seemed he not of
human form,
As round him, from the cannons' mouth, th' raking
shots were borne.

Admiring stood the enemy, at the boldness of this
deed,

Of all brave acts recorded, sure, this young sailor's
did exceed.

And they saw him gain, uninjured, the old
Niagara's side,

While Elliot, the commander, hailed him as the
navy's pride.

Back to his fleet again he turned, and the old ship
with him drew,

As around him raged the fearful strife, charged
mercy to his crew.

When England's standard fell, exclaimed, "Hail,
heaven's defending powers!

While foemen worthy of our steel we fought—
thank God! the victory's ours."

Brave Barclay stood before the victor, to tender
him his sword,

While Perry said: "You're wounded, come, find
care and rest on board."

“You’ve won my heart,” cried Barclay, “take my
sword, I’m conquered, I resign,

’Tis useless thus to hold out fight ’gainst such
noble hearts as thine.”

“O sheathe your sword, brave Briton, and convey
it to your land,

’Twould pierce your brother thro’ the heart to
touch it with his hand.”

Of Perry’s bold achievements, history’s pages do
recall,

While, in my own opinion, this seems bravest of
them all.





PORTER'S DEFENSE OF THE ESSEX
IN 1812.

SWIFT-LOWERING clouds obscured entire heaven's
gladsome light,
And wrapped the sons of Freedom in deepest
gloom of night,
As the struggling war-clad Essex for the shore
thus boldly stood,
While from her pores ran precious drops of free-
men's warm life-blood.
Brave MacKnight thus to Porter said, with bated
breath :
" You see our guns are like the minute guns of
death,

And from below, just see how fierce shoot forth
the flames!

Why not as prisoners let us yield? naught else
of hope remains."

"Yield to the foe!" cried Porter, "*Not* while my
guns can rattle!

I'll teach them how to die sublime upon the
field of battle."

Whilst yet he spoke those bold words, behold! a
ray from heaven

Fell on the famous hero, as to him a daring
thought was given.

Then ordered he: "To anchor! Round poise her
noble head,

And send a flaming messenger, to strike the
living dead."

Then the Cherub and the Phœbe trembled both
in every gun,

As the iron storm of th' Americans in vain they
strove to shun.

But the Essex came out conqueror, and waved
her flag on high,
For the glory of the bloody battle was that
shout of victory.





THE BATTLE OF PALO ALTO—MEXICAN
WAR, 1847.

ON the field of Palo Alto, where the gallant
Ringgold fell,
While fiercely all around him whirled the deadly
shot and shell,
Up came a charge of cavalry, led by dashing
Captain May,
Swept the Mexicans from their guns, and broke
their lines away.
From all parts of the field they rushed, not
caring for their loss,
Plunged in the river, and were drowned in the
vain attempt to cross.

Then next came Santa Anna, into Vera Cruz
with his men,

To drive out the invader, and hold his power
again.

But General Taylor would not out, yet steadily
he advanced,

While Ampudia, with might invested, so fiercely
at him glanced ;

And Worth marched on to Monterey, where,
'mid loud cannons' boom,

The frightened foe seemed sensible of that
town's early doom.

Upon the fourteenth of September, before it
proved too late,

The troops, retaining small arms, were allowed
to evacuate ;

But all material of war to the victors did
belong,

The bold sons of America, who went to right
a wrong.



GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT ADVANC-
ING ON THE MEXICAN CAPITAL.

Twiggs' division stormed the right, and carried the
fortification ;

Shields' brigade assaulted the rear, and drove them
from their station ;

Riley's force completed the rout—their own guns
did on them fire.

Three thousand prisoners tak'n, and Santa Anna
forced to retire.

Thus the army flushed with pride, while Monterey
was storming,

The Mexicans to the city hied, and waited for
their coming.

Cadwalader and Smith, in storm severe, set out
upon their mission,

By sunrise reached an eminence, in rear of enemy's
position.

Scott then sent Twigg's division against the works
in front,

To effect diversion, if required, or to bear the
battle's brunt.

So furious was the contest, yet they gave no heed
to groans,

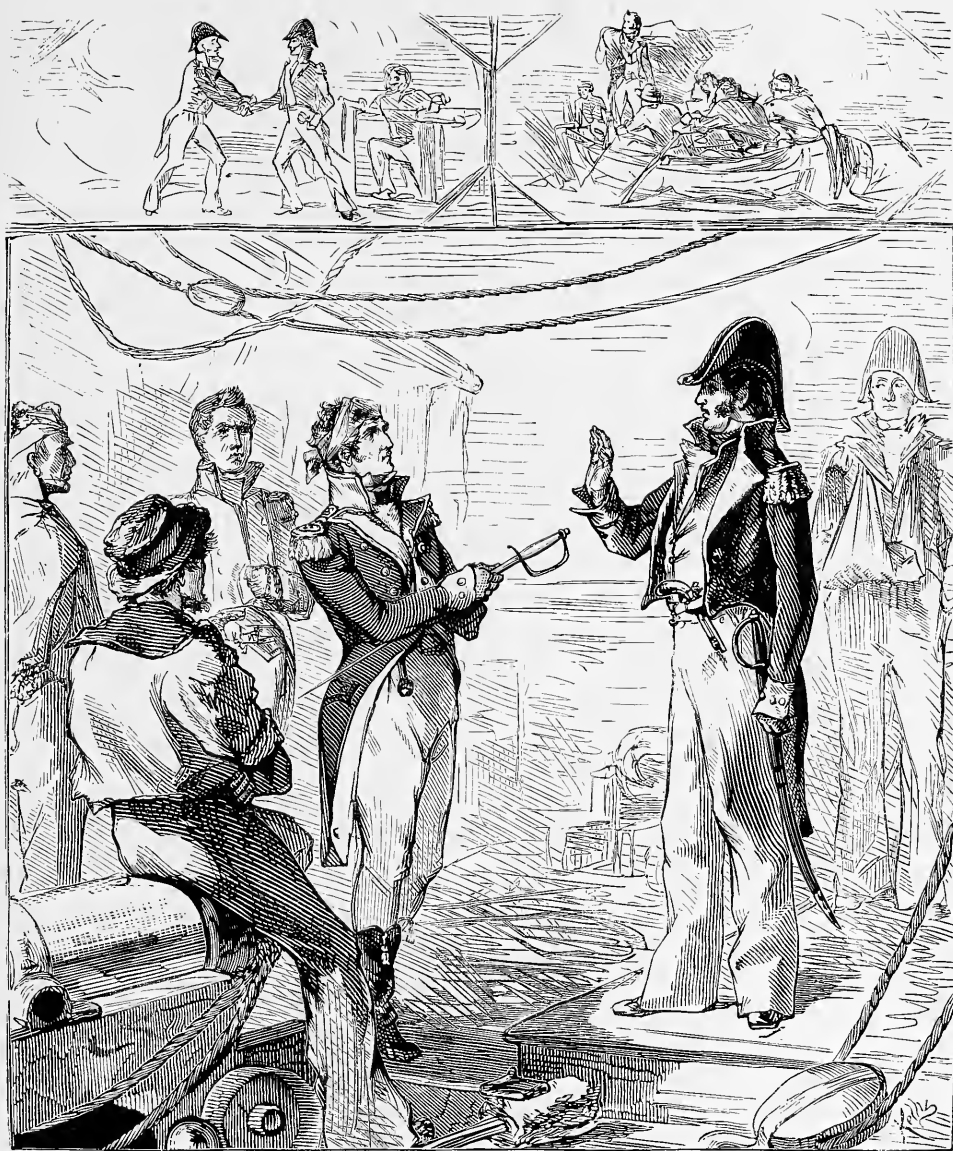
They to the very city fled, chased by the bold
dragoons.

In gallant style came Wright and Smith, with grape
began to play,

Sustained by Drum's artillery, they swore they'd
win the day.

Duncan's battery was blazing then, away upon the
right,

And McIntosh was ordered to join in the gallant
fight.



PERRY'S VICTORY.

"While foemen worthy of our steel we fought, thank God! the victory's ours."



Then all the guns were brought in line, the garri-
son to cover,

And by nine o'clock in the morning the battle
fierce was over.

General Quitman had the honor to advance to the
great square,

The American flag to hoist upon the national
palace there.

Attended by his brilliant staff, rode in the chief
commander,

'Mid the shouts of the whole army, on the four-
teenth of September.





THE MIRROR OF THE REBELLION.

We will gently lift the drapery of the red, white,
and blue,
And show the true heroes, as they pass in grand
review.
Before the nation's mirror, let them hail from South
or North,
Whether here or in the spirit land, we boldly call
them forth,
To reflect their glorious deeds, done in Freedom's
sacred name,
And let them be recorded on the scroll of eternal
fame.

When, in after years, the echo shall be heard the
world around,

The heart of Liberty shall leap, when she hears the
glorious sound.

Her sons, with hearts of oak, behold, one hundred
years ago,

Her standard raised, 'mid bloody strife, with Eng-
land as her foe.

And victory's mantle, when it fell from revolution's
sires,

Upon their sons, who boldly swore to quench not
Freedom's fires.

Well have they kept their oath, and their sons, in
turn, the same,

As they've met the foe, undaunted, upon many a
battle plain.

Where'er the starry banner waved, they, with a
rallying cry,

In Freedom's name rushed onward, to conquer or
to die.

Then let us raise the drapery of the red, white, and
blue,
As the heroes of America pass in the grand
review.





PASSING IN REVIEW.

BEHOLD the great McClellan, who for the Union
takes a stand.

The scales of mercy and justice holds he firmly in
his hand ;

His heart is filled with love for those 'gainst whom
he comes to fight,

And with his sword uplifted cries—" God will de-
fend the right !"

See the Confederate general, too, bearing honors
on his name,

The Son of " Light Horse Harry," of revolutionary
fame.

On the soil of th' Old Dominion he lifts his sword
on high,

To shield her sacred manor swears, and with her
sons to die.

Next comes the intrepid Anderson ; bravely Fort
Sumter held,

As batteries shook both sea and shore ; while it
was being shelled,

One hundred guns salute the flag, and that de-
voted band,

By stirring strains, march out the Fort, and sail for
Northern land.

Ah ! now we see brave Beauregard, who, in en-
gineering skilled,

The thundering voice of Sumter thus commanded
to be stilled.

Oh ! see Columbia's son's arrayed in battles fierce
and strong,

As, in opinion of the North, they come to right a
wrong,

While in the breasts of Southrons the fires of
freedom burn,
And from all overtures of peace they in indigna-
tion turn.





THE TWO ARMIES.

Two mighty armies now behold, in all the panoply
of war.

From the Blue Ridge and Alleghanies to the
broad Atlantic shore,

There sweeps the tide of battle strong between the
blue and gray,

Each praying in their hearts to see the dawn of
victory's day.

A charge of cavalry they make at the bugle's
stirring sound,

While the thunder of artillery rolls o'er the
battle-ground,



BATTLE OF PALO ALTO.

Death of Major Ringgold.



And bursting shells lash up, the earth, the smoke
curls up in line,

Ascends the clouds, while missiles shriek, making
the scene sublime.

The rattling volley of infantry can each no longer
stand,

The bayonet charge is ordered, and the conflict's
hand to hand.

Here each arm of the service is thus held up to
view,

While hatred chains the hearts of both th' gallant
gray and blue.

Born are they of one nation, knit in each kindred
tie ;

Brothers they are, yet as foemen meet, to conquer
or to die.

The world looks on in wonder, and asks, can
such things be,

That brother's hand 'gainst brother raised in this
great family.

Ah! the same proud spirits boast they, in their
veins the same blood runs,
And the mantle of their revolutionary sires fall
on their daring sons.





MARCHING ON.

SHERMAN the great, the warrior tried, in whose
ability

The army showed their steadfast faith from Atlantic
to the sea.

Ah! next comes "Philip Sheridan," may his
laurels never fade,

Won in Shenandoah Valley, when his famous
charge he made.

A skillful officer "McDowell," of cool head and
generous heart,

In various battles under Pope's campaign bore a
conspicuous part.

But "one-armed Howard" is the model of the
Christian soldier true,
For the right wing of the army led he fair
Georgia through.
Oh, here is brilliant "Hooker," at Chancellorsville
well he fought,
Although oftentimes was wounded, he always said
'twas naught.
"Fremont," who taught mathematics on the
sloop of war Natchez,
With Stonewall Jackson measured swords at the
battle of Cross-Keys.

"Banks'" movement emulates th' retreat of the
far-famed Xenophon,
Whose glory is eclipsed thus far by America's bold
son.
Brave "Hancock" on the Peninsula great repu-
tation earned,
And in a charge at Williamsburg the tide of battle
turned.

“Sedgwick,” the pure patriot, by noble impulse
ever swayed,
With heroism at Antietam every trait of skill
displayed.





THE MARCH OF HEROES.

SEE the famous "Harris light-horse," led by
"Kilpatrick" near and far,
Who, on the plains of Brandy Station, won a
brigadier-general's star.
At Richmond, to free the prisoners, his intent was
plainly seen,
But failed for want of co-operation, by the death of
young Dahlgren.
Brave "Lyon," in a glorious charge, at "Wilson's
Creek" did fall,
While leading his troops to victory, seemed fore-
most of them all.

“Kearney,” the dauntless, now appears, famed for
his reckless ride,
Exploring a gap in the Union lines, was struck
down in his pride.

Bold “Corcoran,” of the Sixty-ninth, who led his
legion on,
Upon many a bloody field of strife has deathless
honors won.

Here’s the gallant youthful “Ellsworth,” famed for
his Zouave drill,
Who challenged all military corps to a trial of his
skill ;

When he saw his country’s danger, responded
quickly to her call,
Rallying his men around him, in her defense to
stand or fall.

“Greble” worked his guns, and scorned retreat,
till the bugle’s recall should sound,
With unflinching courage met his death, upon
Great Bethel’s battle-ground.

“Baker” fell, pierced by bullets five, at Ball’s
Bluff’s disastrous fight,
And all his pride of country was crushed in death’s
dark night.





STONEWALL JACKSON'S GUARD.

THEY hurried on at a double-quick, waded the
Shenandoah River,

A grove was reached, they fell prostrate, and slept
as sound as ever.

An officer then to Jackson said, "I hear not e'en a
sentinel's tramp."

The reply came back, "No sentry post—I alone
will guard the camp."

On the hard, cold ground the soldiers lay, their
clothes all dripping wet,

Into God's keeping gave themselves, and around
camp no guard was set.

The lonely watcher paced o'er the ground till near
the break of day,
When he aroused his men, to resume the march of
thirty miles away.
And upon that summer Sabbath morn, as the sun
in splendor rose,
The birds sent forth their greetings, regardless of
such near approaching foes ;
Soon the pleasing sound was hushed into terror by
the rumbling wheels
Of a great park of artillery, as the enemy on them
steals.

Here we'll gently draw the curtain o'er the follow-
ing ghastly sight,
For who has not read, in history, of Bull Run's
bloody fight ;
When the battle fierce was over, and all marched
back to camp,
The soldiers' lusty cheer rang out, after Stone-
wall's martial tramp.



FARRAGUT LASHED TO THE MAST.

THE Union fleet, linked two abreast, went down in
Mobile Bay,
While Farragut, lashed to the mast, swore that he'd
win the day.
Oh, the boldness of this exploit awoke such genu-
ine admiration
In the breast of those 'gainst him arrayed, yet
brothers of one nation.
The Tecumseh fired the first gun—and the battle
fierce began,
She was soon run down with all her crew by the
monster rebel ram.

Torpedoes lined the channel, where the fleet wooed
the dangerous sport,

The gallant men, coolly worked their guns, soon
passed the thundering Fort.

The batteries past, the rebel ram bore down up-
on the fleet,

Which, welcomed with artillery, wrapped her in a
flaming sheet.

The Flag-ship then, with Farragut, joined in the
fierce attack,

But the monster ram soon shelled her and drove
her crippled back.

Then, in their towering fury the commanders raised
a ruction,

And with five vessels of the fleet soon threatened
her destruction.

No help was nigh—no way of escape—the vessel
struck her flag,

While Buchanan he lay wounded—Farragut thus
made good his brag.

And in Fort Morgan General Page, in anger and
mortification,
Before surrendering, spiked his guns, and destroyed
all ammunition.





THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

BEFORE you now, on bended knee, Columbia, hear
them swear
To rally round the standard that you so proudly
bear;
Which for a time they did forsake, for their bonny
banner blue,
Borne by their sires when bathed in blood for Lib-
erty and you.
The Stars and Stripes wave o'er the free, the vic-
tory you have won;
And the olive branch in love hold out to each re-
bellious son;



PEACE.



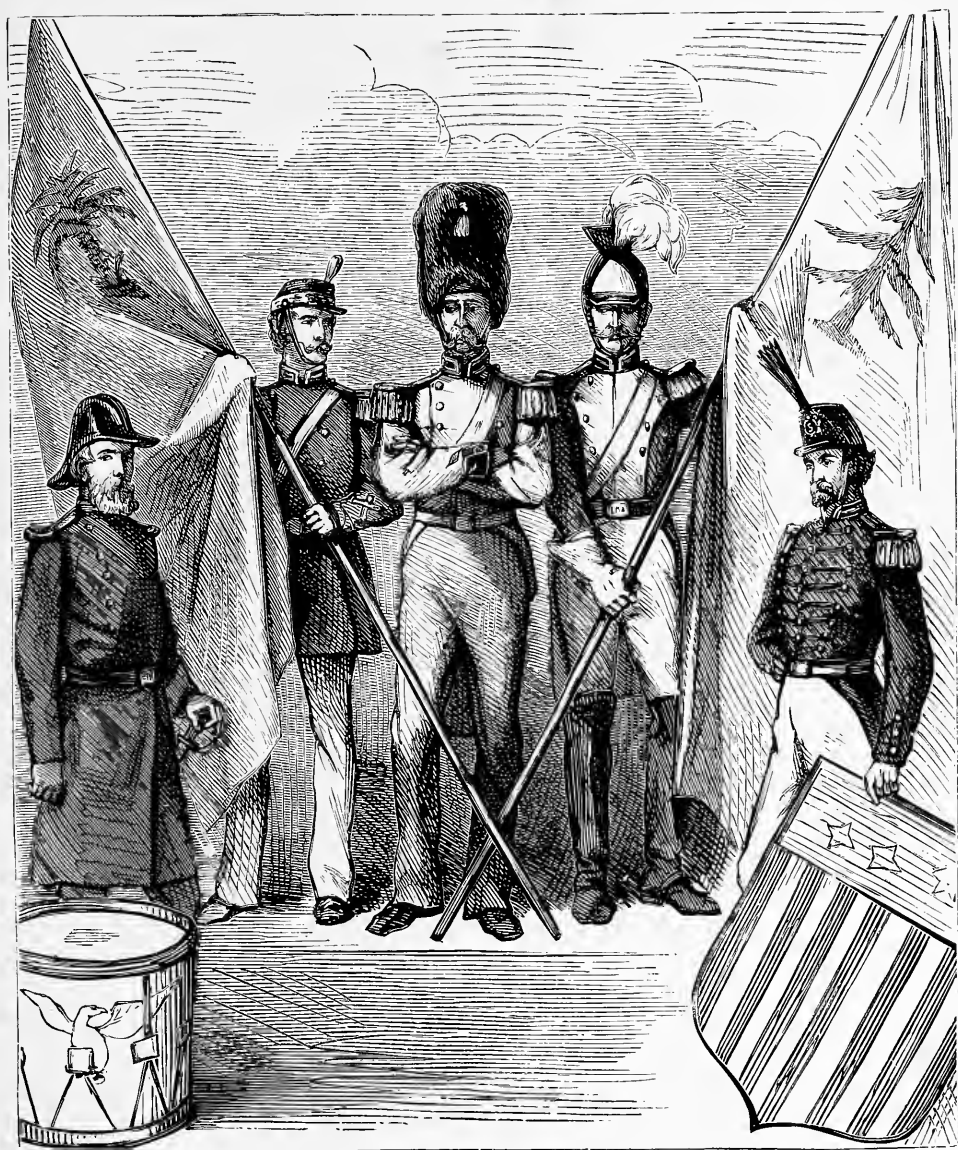
While the boys in blue a welcome shout on this auspicious day,
And the eagle screams as he hears the oath made
by the boys in gray.

They pledge themselves henceforth to know no
South, North, East, or West,
But keep step to the Union's music, which thrills
every patriot's breast ;
And when again you call your sons in your defense
to stand,
They'll rise as if by magic—broadcast throughout
the land ;
Their swords will draw—their lives lay down—all
for Columbia's good—
Proudest among earth's nations, who one hundred
years has stood.
Well may the eagle scream on high, and clutch the
scroll of fame,
Well may the starry banner fly in Freedom's gilded
name !

80 THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

Oh, could our martyred heroes now but hear the
joyful sound
That rings a welcome to our shores—heard all the
world around.





FRATERNITY.



CAPITULATION.

GREAT joy arose thro' the army, and the country
was filled with delight,
While Lee and Grant were in council—Columbia
seemed pleased at the sight.
The eagle soared high with the tidings, and perched
upon Liberty's shield,
As, unto the Union's great champion, Secession's
bold chieftain did yield.
At Appomattox Court House this happened, upon
April the tenth, Sixty-five,
'Twas found hard for the leaders in action to keep
good resolutions alive.

And thus, to save further blood-shed, this hero did
tender his sword,

Which the victor returned to him, saying, "Accept
thou a brave man's reward ;

Though the cause I deem wrong thou hast chosen,
none hold I in higher esteem,

The word of my brother's sufficient—his pledge
he will surely redeem."

This was the result of the council between the blue
and the gray,

And the Nation with pride will remember forever
this memorable day.

So, as Sherman was marching on Raleigh, the joy-
ful news to him came,

"Glory to God and our country!" with fervor was
heard to exclaim.

Then Johnston to Sherman surrendered, to save fur-
ther effusion of blood,

Those chieftains shook hands on the roadside—in
view of each army they stood—

Then a shout rose, loud and joyous—'twas heard
the whole country around,
While salvos of artillery in gladness roared o'er the
late battle-ground.





THE SOLDIERS' RETURN FROM THE WAR.

Now behold those blood-stained warriors, tramping
onward in their might,
With their tattered banners waving in fair Free-
dom's glorious light.
Cannons roaring, bugles sounding, shouts of victory
rend the air,
As the heroes proudly marching, glorying in the
scars they bear.
Four long years of untold anguish, in the field and
in the camp,
Suffered they without repining, keeping trimmed
Columbia's lamp,

Let the country show its gladness, as the sound
rings near and far,

Let the joy-bells peal their welcome to the conquerers,
home from war,

Let each mother's heart-felt blessing thro' her
tears of gladness shine,

As she welcomes home her idol, strong in his man-
hood's prime.

Let the maiden place the laurel he has earned up-
on his brow,

While in love and life united, for the war is over
now.

For no longer will he listen to the bugle's early
call,

And 'mid the din of battle see his comrades round
him fall,

And hear the demon yells and wild curses in a
breath,

While the blue and gray commingle in the agonies
of death.

But battle-scarred and honored he reaches home—
sweet home—
Where-from, but at his country's call, he ne'er
again will roam.





BUNKER HILL CENTENNIAL CELE-
BRATION.

LET artillery roar a welcome, tattoo it on the
drum,

Ring out the merry joy-bells as your guests march
proudly on

To celebrate the victory won by your grand old
sires,

One hundred years ago to-day, 'mid revolution
fires.

'Twas here they fought so nobly, young South Car-
olina's pride,

With Massachusetts' stalwart sons, stood firmly
side by side.

Their pledge anew they come to make, at Free-
dom's sacred shrine,
And plant again th' palmetto tree, 'long with the
stately pine.
Strengthened by New York's "Old Guard," God
bless those men forever,
Pray that the Union they thus make no treach-
erous hand dare sever.

See old Maryland's Fifth to Boston, too, their
grateful tribute brings,
And thus the dove of peace soars on, with heal-
ing in its wings.
Upon the soldiers' monument, a shield of flowers
—white and red—
They placed in solemn silence, in honor of the gal-
lant dead.
And the Norfolk "light artillery," whose guns did
loudly roar,
In the dark days of rebellion, is now welcomed at
your door.

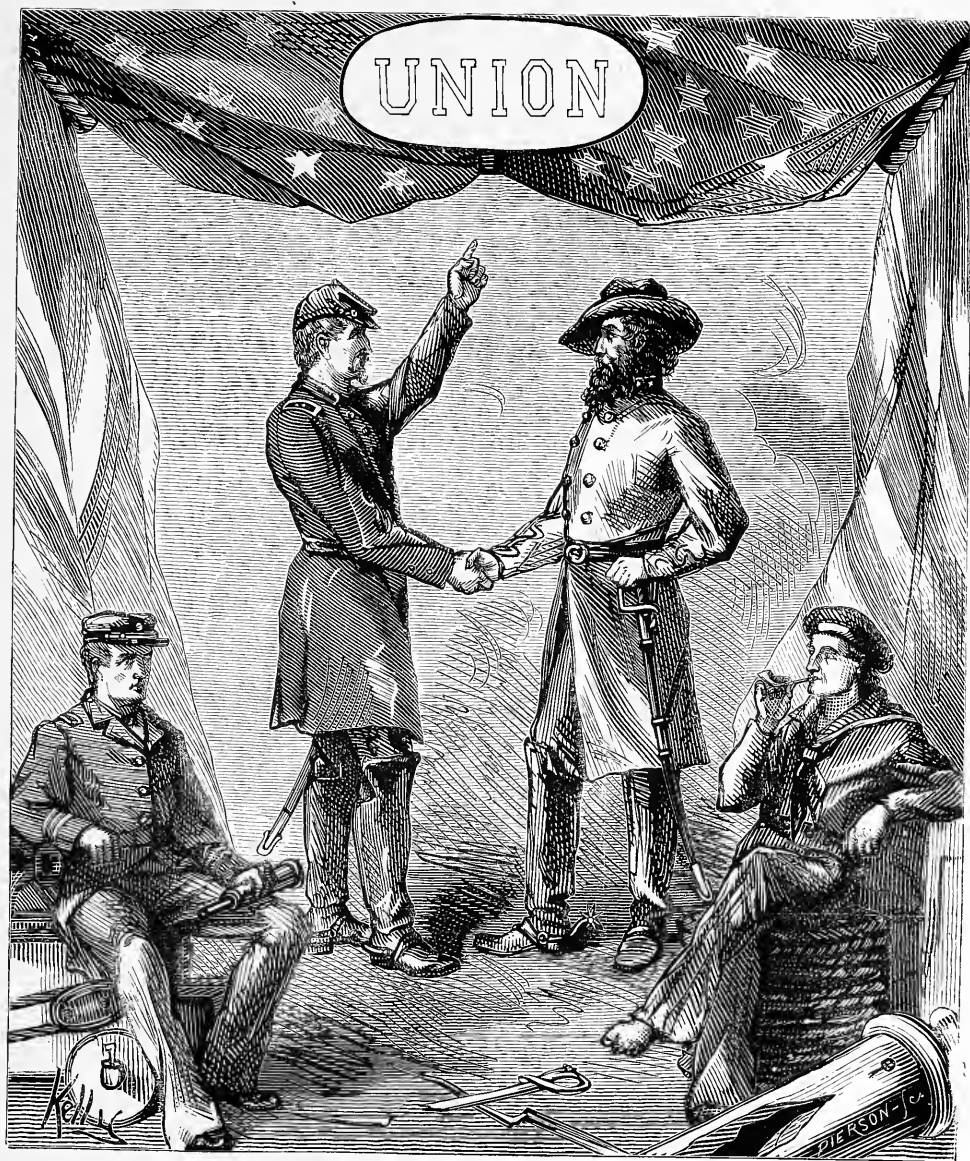
If e'er such deeds of kindness by them should be
forgot,
Then, "Old Virginia" to her sons would say: "I
know you not."
Oh, let the shouts of welcome reverbrate thro' the
land,
While to your hearts your brothers take, firmly
together stand,
Redeem the oath your sires once made, to serve
thro' good and ill,
As they bathed in blood the Nation's flag, and the
Sword of Bunker Hill.





OUR UNION FOREVER.

By the God who reigns above us, by the stars that
shine so bright,
Here we swear to keep our banner ever precious
in our sight.
Bought with blood of sires immortal, in oppression's
darkest hour,
Handed down to sons undaunted, who defy all
earthly power,
Here we swear to guard the Union, which one
hundred years has stood,
Ah! not even one link is broken—'tis cemented
strong with blood.





Let us now forget all sadness, may our skies be
bright and clear,

Let our shouts ring out in gladness, as our birth-
day feast draws near,

Let us welcome every people, from the earth's re-
motest clime,

Coming now to do us homage at fair Freedom's
sacred shrine.

Fling out now our starry banner, to receive the
dew from heaven,

Swear to shield our sacred manor, by the heaven-
born patriots given.

Joyfully now we hail Columbia, glorious, free, and
happy land,

Of division there's no danger, for, united, firm we
stand ;

And we'll come from every quarter, on fair Inde-
pendence Day,

While we hear her Declaration, all due reverence
shall we pay.

Millions then will join the chorus, as our song is
heard above,
By the One who keeps guard o'er us, Great Jeho-
vah, God of Love!





AMERICA'S CENTENNIAL.

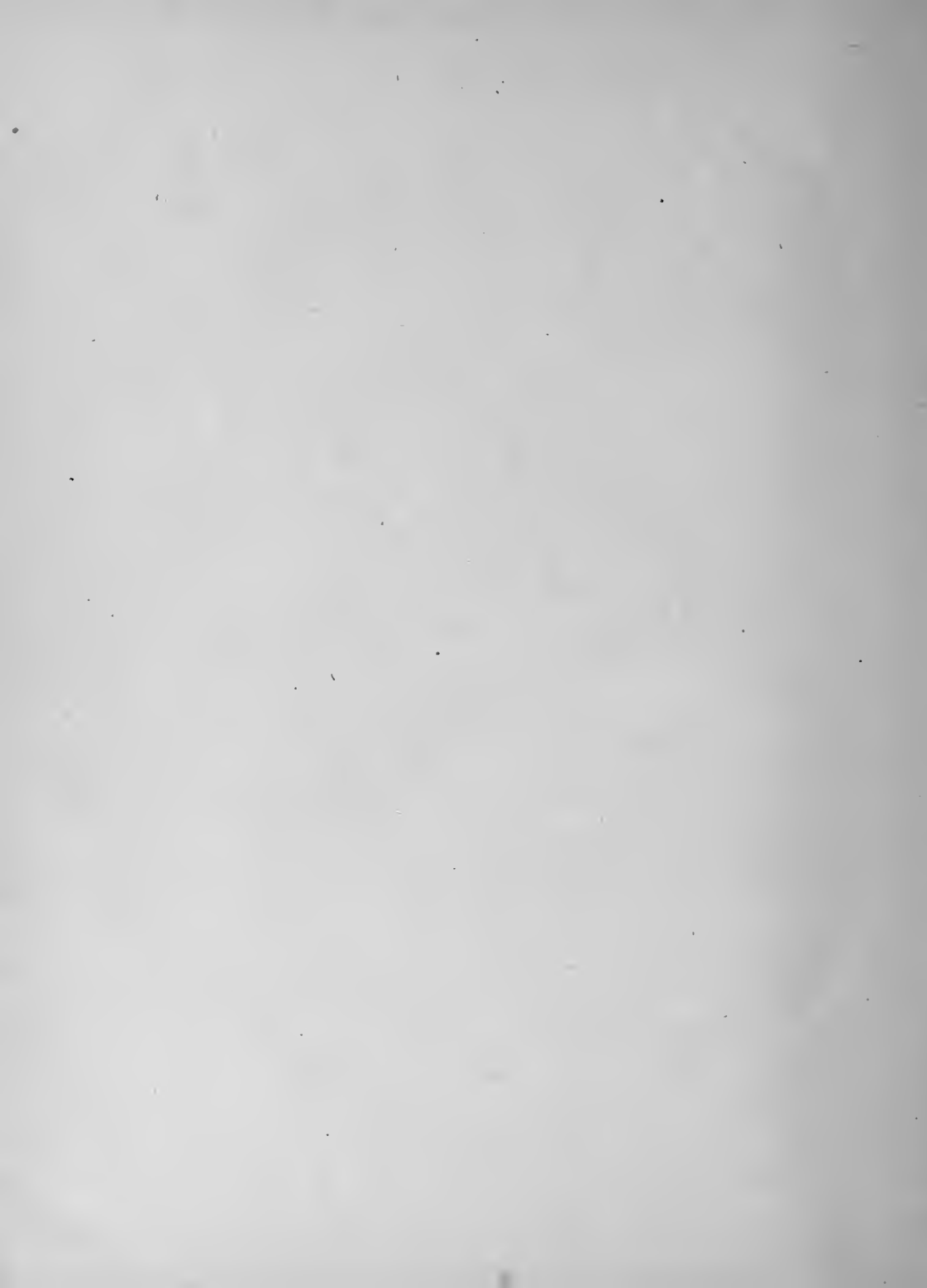
COLUMBIA! bright gem of the ocean,
The birth-place of sweet liberty,
Accept now thy patriots' devotion,
And the homage the world offers thee.
Thy hundred years are in keeping
With principles grown from thy birth,
While old heroes are quietly sleeping
Broadcast o'er the bosom of earth.
Thy son, the staunch young Republic,
Calls millions around him this day,
To display to them thy brilliant record,
That trials nor time can decay.

Then welcome with joy every nation,
While thy grandeurs to them ye unfold,
They shall see how exalted the station
For one—just one hundred years old.
We'll unfurl our old starry banner
That protects us on land and on sea,
Let them feel how cordial a manner
We extend in the land of the free.

THE END.







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